

MISSIONARY HEROES COURSE

LIFE STORIES OF GREAT MISSIONARIES FOR
TEEN AGE BOYS

ARRANGED IN PROGRAMS

James Gilmour

Pioneer in Mongolia

SOURCE BOOK

"JAMES GILMOUR OF MONGOLIA"

By RICHARD LOVETT

Program Prepared by

FLOYD L. CARR

BAPTIST BOARD OF EDUCATION
DEPARTMENT OF MISSIONARY EDUCATION
276 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Course No. 1

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Program based on JAMES GILMOUR OF MONGOLIA

by RICHARD LOVETT

Revell, \$2.00

FOREWORD

THE *Missionary Heroes Course* for Boys meets a real need.

It is a series of missionary programs for boys, based on great biographies which every boy should know. Course Number One, now available, provides programs for the ensuing twelve months and may be used in the monthly meetings of boys' groups. Other courses are in preparation and will be issued for subsequent years.

It is suggested that the leader purchase three copies of each leaflet; one to be kept for reference and the other two to be cut up to provide each boy with his assigned part. In order to tie together the life incidents as they are presented by the boys, the leader should master the facts outlined in the biographical sketch and read carefully the volume upon which the program is based. These volumes are missionary classics and may be made the basis of a worth-while library of Christian adventure.

Boys are keenly interested in stories of adventure and achievement and it is hoped that participation in the programs will lead many of the lads to read these great missionary biographies. Attention is called to the eleven other life-story programs in the series now available for Course Number One, and to the series now in preparation for the ensuing year, both of which are listed on the last page. The books upon which these programs are based can be ordered from the nearest literature headquarters. Portraits of these missionary heroes will also be made available for purchase.

While these programs have been developed to meet the needs of boys' organizations of all types—*i.e.*, Organized Classes, Boy Scouts, Knights of King Arthur, Kappa Sigma Pi, etc.—they were especially prepared for the chapters of the *Royal Ambassadors*, a missionary organization for teen age boys, originating in the southland and recently adapted to the needs of the Northern Baptist Convention by the Department of Missionary Education. We commend these materials to all lovers of boys.

WILLIAM A. HILL.

PROGRAM FOR MEETING

1. Scripture Lesson: I Corinthians 9:16-27 beginning: "Yea, woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel." One of the memorable utterances of James Gilmour is: "The fire of God is upon me to go and preach." (See page 184 of Lovett's "James Gilmour of Mongolia.")
2. Prayer.
3. Hymn: "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" (changed by Gilmour to "Mongolia's").
4. Introduction to the Life Story* (based on pages 1-40 of Lovett's "James Gilmour of Mongolia.")
5. His Conversion and Decision to Become a Missionary (pages 41-43).
6. Sketches of His Earlier Travels (page 66).
7. His Medical Work (pages 93, 130-132).
8. His Proposal and Marriage to Emily Prankard (pages 98-99, 99-100).
9. Soul Winning Under Difficulties (pages 162-163).
10. Enduring Hardness as a Good Soldier (pages 182-183).
11. Substituting for a Trained Doctor (pages 265-266, 286, 287-288).
12. Account of His Death (pages 300-301).

* The leader should read both the brief sketch in this leaflet and Lovett's "James Gilmour of Mongolia," in order, as the program progresses, to fill in the gaps between the assignments.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF JAMES GILMOUR

JAMES GILMOUR was born at Cathkin, Scotland, on June 12, 1843. His father, a wheelwright, was in fairly comfortable circumstances. He was afforded the best educational advantages, preparing for college in the Glasgow high school and entering Glasgow University. Here he took high rank. Soon after he entered the University, he gave his heart to Christ and during his course, decided to serve as a missionary where the need was greatest.

On February 22, 1870, he set sail from Liverpool, destined for China, with his mind fixed upon Mongolia as the field for his life's work. He had said: "Men in the most difficult and dangerous fields should be the best armed and the best equipped." He admirably fulfilled his own requirements for Mongolia.

He arrived at Peking May 18, 1870, and applied himself to the Chinese language with a view to reopening the work in Mongolia that had been closed in 1841 by the Russian government. Early in August he left Peking for a tour of Mongolia and on the 27th started from Kalgan, crossing the great plain of Mongolia to Kiachta. No better way of learning the language and studying the people could be found than by this close contact with the Mongolians in their tents.

Two years later, on April 16, 1872, he started from Peking on a tour of eastern Mongolia, the district that was to be the scene of the closing labor of his life. Here he found the Mongols living in huts, as agriculturists, their fixed residence affording better opportunity for permanent work. He won a large hearing by rendering friendly medical aid to needy patients. He dispensed his remedial supplies from a tent which bore in Mongolian this placard: "THE GOSPEL HALL OF THE RELIGION OF JESUS." Of his work, he wrote: "By healing their diseases, I have had opportunity to tell many of Jesus, the Great Physician."

During his stays in Peking, he had lived with fellow missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Meech, and was deeply interested

in a photograph of the 'sister of Mrs. Meech, Emily Prankard. He determined upon the bold course of proposing marriage by letter. She had heard much of him through her sister's letters and wrote a letter of acceptance. Immediate plans were made for sailing and she arrived in Tientsin the last of November. On December 8, 1874, they were married. Eleven happy years followed, their home being brightened by the birth of two promising boys.

The years were filled with special duties at Peking and frequent tenting trips into Mongolia, on which he was often accompanied by his courageous and devoted wife. She, too, taking advantage of necessity, made rapid progress in acquiring the language. After a time, however, the hardship told upon Mrs. Gilmour's health, so they sailed for England in the spring of 1882.

While in the homeland he prepared the book, "Among the Mongols," which was received with great interest and favor. Much of his time was devoted to making addresses in behalf of the missionary enterprises. The eighteen months passed quickly and in September, 1883, they sailed again for China.

Shortly after his return he made a trip on foot across the Mongolian plain in order to do personal work with Mongolians upon the road and in the tents. His first convert won to Christ was Boyinto, a Buddhist priest, who was baptized on January 14, 1885, by W. P. Sprague, of the American Board. But his joy was soon clouded by the failing health of Mrs. Gilmour. Exposure during the tours of Mongolia had weakened her lungs and on September 19, 1885, she passed away.

For a time his boys were cared for by their aunt, Mrs. Meech, but the next spring he placed them under the care of their uncle, in Scotland. Tender and instructive letters were frequently sent across the seas to the motherless boys.

With noble heroism Gilmour wrote home: "Man, the fire of God is upon me to go and preach," and he again took up his work, changing his field to eastern Mongolia. He made his base at Ta Chêng Tzû, in the midst of a populous farming district. On November 21, 1886, he baptized his first fruits in eastern Mongolia, two Chinese believers. He had been promised a medical helper, both to relieve his loneliness and to minister to the needy people. Reinforcements were delayed and with sublime courage he wrote home: "I shall do my best to hold on here single-handed." Finally, in March, 1889, he was joined by Dr. Smith, whose trained eye soon perceived that Gilmour was near the breaking point from overwork, and who insisted that he return to England for a needed rest.

Arriving in London May 25, 1889, he went directly to see his boys at the home of his brother. Part of his furlough was spent with them in an outing at Millport, where six years before he had passed the summer with his wife and children. In bidding his friends farewell in January, 1890, he seemed to have a premonition he would never return, for he said, with quivering lips, "I shall see your faces no more."

Ten days after reaching Peking on March 24, 1890, he started for eastern Mongolia. Resuming the routine duties with earnest fidelity, he was rejoiced by the privilege of baptizing six Chinese converts, and the arrival of a helper, Mr. Parker. In April of the following year, he was called to Tientsin to serve as chairman of the annual meeting of the North China District Committee. Here he was the guest of Dr. Roberts, who had replaced Dr. John K. Mackenzie upon his death. In the midst of his duties he was stricken with typhoid fever and on May 21, 1891, while in his forty-eighth year, passed away. Like Henry Martyn, he had "burned out for God," lighting an undying torch in a darkened land.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF JAMES GILMOUR

*Reprinted from "James Gilmour of Mongolia,"
by Richard Lovett,*

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His Conversion and Decision to Become a Missionary. (P. 41-43.)

"My conversion took place after I had begun to attend the Arts course in the University of Glasgow. I had gone to college with no definite aim as to preparing for a profession; an opportunity was offered me of attending classes, and I embraced it gladly, confident that whatever training or knowledge I might there acquire would prove serviceable to me afterwards in some way or other.

"After I became satisfied that I had found the 'way of life,' I decided to tell others of that way, and felt that I lay under responsibility to do what I could to extend Christ's kingdom. Among other plans of usefulness that suggested themselves to me was that of entering the ministry. But, in my opinion, there were two things that everyone who sought the office of the ministry should have, *viz.*, an experimental knowledge of the truth which it is the work of the minister to preach, and a good education to help him to do it; the former I believed I had, the latter I hoped to obtain. So I quietly pursued the college course till I entered on the last session, when, after prayerful consideration and mature deliberation, I thought it my duty to offer myself as a candidate for the ministry.

"Having decided as to the capacity in which I should labour in Christ's kingdom, the next thing which occupied my serious attention was the *locality* where I should labour. Occasionally before I had thought of the relative claims of the home and foreign fields, but during the summer session in Edinburgh I thought the matter out, and decided for the mission field; even on the low ground of common sense I seemed to be called to be a missionary. Is the kingdom a harvest field? Then I thought it reasonable that I should seek to work where the work was most abundant and the workers fewest. Labourers say they

are overtaxed at home; what then must be the case abroad, where there are wide stretching plains already white to harvest with scarcely here and there a solitary reaper? To me the soul of an Indian seemed as precious as the soul of an Englishman, and the Gospel as much for the Chinese as for the European; and as the band of missionaries was few compared with the company of home ministers, it seemed to me clearly to be my duty to go abroad.

“But I go out as a missionary not that I may follow the dictates of common sense, but that I may obey that command of Christ, ‘*Go into all the world and preach.*’ He who said ‘*preach*’ said also ‘Go ye into and *preach,*’ and what Christ hath joined together let not man put asunder.

“This command seems to me to be strictly a missionary injunction, and, as far as I can see, those to whom it was first delivered regarded it in that light, so that, apart altogether from choice and other lower reasons, my going forth is a matter of obedience to a plain command; and in place of seeking to assign a reason for going abroad, I would prefer to say that I have failed to discover any reason why I should stay at home.”

Sketches of His Earlier Travels. (P. 66.)

“One thing I sometimes think of. I left Britain with no intention of traveling; I expected to settle down quietly and confine myself to a circle I could impress. This plan has been completely changed and overruled. Two months have I been in Peking; two weeks have I been in Kalgan; a month have I been in the desert; a month have I been in Kudara, a small Russian frontier military post; a month and a half have I been in Kiachta; two months have I been in Mongolia; and now two weeks have I been traveling in Russia. A year and a month have elapsed since I left home, and during that time I have been walking to and fro on the face of the earth, and going up and down in it. In this way I have not found my life at all dull, but very stirring. Indeed, many people would have left home to travel as I have done. I sought it not; it came, and I took it. So as yet I have no hardships to complain of. To see the places and things I have seen—Liverpool, Wales, Lisbon, Rock of Gibraltar, Malta, Egypt, Port Said, Suez Canal, Red Sea, Cape Gardafui, Indian Ocean, Penang, Straits of Malacca, Singapore, Hong Kong, Shanghai, Tientsin, Peking, Kalgan, Desert, Urga Kiachta, Russia, Baikal, Irkutsk—only even to see these, men will make long journeys. I have seen them all without seeking them, with the exception of Baikal and Irkutsk. These are all by the way, and I dwell upon them

as proofs that God, in sending His servants from home and kindred, often gives them pleasure and worldly enjoyment on the way, which He does not promise, and which they have no right to expect."

His Medical Work. (P. 93, 130-132.)

"I know very little about diseases and cures, but the little I *do* know is extremely useful. Almost every Mongol, man and woman and child, has something that wants putting right. To have studied medicine at home would have been a great help, but though I cannot hope now ever to gain a scientific knowledge of the subject, I am glad that in our hospital here I have a good opportunity of learning much from Dr. Dudgeon, and all I can do now is to make the best of this good opportunity. I am told that professional men at home are suspicious of giving a little medical knowledge to young men going out as missionaries. I sided with them till I came here, but here the case is different. At home it is all very well to stand before the fire in your room, within sight of the brass plate on the doctor's door on the opposite side of the street, and talk about the danger of little knowledge; but when you are two weeks' journey from any assistance, and see your fellow-traveller sitting silent and swollen with violent toothache for days together, you fervently wish you had a pair of forceps and the *dangerous* amount of knowledge. And when in remote places you have the choice of burying your servant or stopping his diarrhoea, would you prefer to talk nonsense about professional skill rather than give him a dose of chlorodyne, even though it should be at the risk of administering one drop more or less than a man who writes M.D. to his name would have done?

"I speak earnestly and from experience. No one has more detestation than I have for the quack that patters in the presence of trained skill; but from what I have seen and known of mission life, both in myself and others, since coming to North China, I think it is a little less than culpable homicide to deny a little hospital training to men who may have to pass weeks and months of their lives in places where they themselves, or those about them, may sicken and die from curable diseases before the doctor could be summoned, even supposing he could leave his part and come. . . .

"The diseases presented for treatment are legion, but the most common cases are skin diseases and diseases of the eye and teeth. Perhaps rheumatism is *the* disease of Mongolia; but the manner of life and customs of the Mongols are such

that it is useless to attempt to cure it. Cure it to-day, it is contracted again to-morrow. Skin diseases present a fair field for a medical missionary. They are so common, and the Mongolian treatment of them is so far removed from common sense that anyone with a few medicines and a little intelligence has ample opportunity of benefitting many sufferers. The same may be said of the eye. The glare of the sun on the plain at all seasons, except when the grass is fresh and green in summer, the blinding sheen from the snowy expanse in winter, and the continual smoke that hangs like a cloud two or three feet above the floor of the tent, all combine to attack the eye. Eye diseases are therefore very common. The Lama medicines seem to be able to do nothing for such cases, and a few remedies in a foreigner's hands work cures that seem wonderful to the Mongols.

“In many cases, when a Mongol applies to his doctor, he simply extends his hand, and expects that the doctor by simply feeling his pulse, will be able to tell, not only the disease, but what will cure it. As soon as the doctor has felt the pulse of one hand, the patient at once extends the other hand that the pulse may be felt there also, and great surprise is manifested when a foreigner begins his diagnosis of a case by declining the proffered wrist and asking questions.

“The question of ‘How did you get this disease?’ often elicits some curiously superstitious replies. One man lays the blame on the stars and constellations. Another confesses that when he was a lad he was mischievous, and dug holes in the ground or cut shrubs on the hill, and it is not difficult to see how he regards the disease as a punishment for digging, since by digging, worms are killed; but what cutting wood on a hill can have to do with sin it is harder to see, except it be regarded as stealing the possessions of the spiritual lord of the locality. In consulting a doctor, too, a Mongol seems to lay a deal of stress on the belief that it is his *fate* to be cured by the medical man in question, and, if he finds relief, often says that his meeting this particular doctor and being cured is the result of prayers made at some previous time.

“One difficulty in curing Mongols is that they frequently, when supplied with medicines, depart entirely from the doctor's instructions when they apply them; and a not unfrequent case is that of the patient who, after applying to the foreigner for medicine and getting it, is frightened by his success, or scared by some lying report of his neighbours, or staggered at the fact that the foreigner would not feel his pulse, or feel it at one wrist only, lays aside the medicine carefully and does not use it at all.

“In Mongolia, too, a foreigner is often asked to perform absurd, laughable, or impossible cures. One man wants to be made clever, another to be made fat, another to be cured of insanity, another of tobacco, another of whisky, another of hunger, another of tea; another wants to be made strong, so as to conquer in gymnastic exercises; most men want medicine to make their beards grow; while almost every man, woman and child wants to have his or her skin made as white as that of the foreigner.”

His Proposal and Marriage to Emily Prankard. (P. 98-99, 99-100.)

During the year 1873 James Gilmour devoted much thought to the natural and all-important question of marriage. Uncommon as he was, in so many ways, it was perhaps to be expected that in this great undertaking he would depart from ordinary methods. The Rev. S. E. Meech had married, in 1872, Miss Prankard, of London. After the return of Mr. Edkins to England, in May, 1873, Mr. Gilmour went to board with Mr. and Mrs. Meech. There he saw the portrait of Mrs. Meech's sister, and often heard her referred to in conversation. Towards the close of 1873 he took Mrs. Meech into his confidence, and asked permission to enter into correspondence with her sister. The following most characteristic letters show the course of subsequent events:

“Peking, January 14, 1874

“My dear Parents,

“I have written and proposed to a girl in England. It is true I have never seen her and I know very little about her, but what I do know is good. She is the sister of Mrs. Meech, and is with her mother in London. Her mother supports herself and daughter by keeping a school. One of the hindrances will be perhaps that the mother will not be willing to part with her daughter, as she is, no doubt, the life of the school. I don't know, so I have written and made the offer, and leave them to decide. If she cannot come, then there is no harm done. If she can arrange to come, then my hope is fulfilled. If the young lady says ‘Yes,’ she or her friends will no doubt write you as I have asked them to do. . . . You may think I am rash in writing to a girl I have never seen. If you say so, I may just say that I have something of the same feeling; but what am I to do? In addition I am very easy-minded over it all, because I have exercised the best of my thoughts on the subject, and put the whole matter into the

hands of God, asking Him, if it be best, to bring her, if it be not best, to keep her away, and He can manage the whole thing well."

By some mischance this letter was delayed, and Mr. Gilmour's relatives were startled, one March day in 1874, by receiving from an entirely unknown lady in London a letter, containing the unlooked-for statement: "Your son, Mr. Gilmour, of Peking, has asked my daughter to write to you, telling you of her decision to join him as his wife. She has wished me to write to you for her, and will be pleased to hear from you when you feel inclined to write."

The friendly intercourse that followed soon convinced Mr. Gilmour's family, as any knowledge of Emily Prankard herself soon convinced all who made her acquaintance, that, however unusual it might appear, this was indeed, one of the marriages made in heaven.

No time was lost in the arrangements for Miss Prankard's departure to China. In a letter to his mother, dated October 2, 1874, Mr. Gilmour writes:

"You have seen Miss Prankard, but you have not told me what you think of her. She was delighted with her visit to Scotland and with you all. You will be glad to hear that I have had some delightful letters from her. I wrote her, and she has written me in the most unrestrained way concerning her spiritual hopes and condition, and though we have never seen each other, yet we know more of each other's inmost life and soul than, I am quite certain, most lovers know of each other even after long personal courtship. It is quite delightful to think that even now we can talk by letter with perfect unreserve, and I tell *you* this because I know you will be glad to hear it. I knew she was a pious girl, else I would not have asked her to come out to be a missionary's wife, but she turns out better even than I thought, and I am not much afraid as to how we shall get on together." . . .

"I proposed in January, went up to Mongolia in spring, rode about on my camels till July, and came down to Kalgan to find that I was an accepted man! I went to Tientsin to meet her; we arrived here on Thursday, and were married on Tuesday morning. We had a quiet week, then I went to the country on a nine days' tour, and came back two days before Christmas. We have been at home ever since. Such is the romance of a matter of fact man."

Soul Winning Under Difficulties. (P. 162-163.)

“The priest (Boyinto) I had come to visit was busy lighting a fire which would do nothing but smoke, and the room was soon full. Finding him alone, I told him that I had come to speak to him and my other friends about the salvation of their souls, and was pressing him to accept Christ, when a Lama I also knew entered. Without waiting for me to say anything, the priest related the drift of our conversation to the Lama, who, tongs in hand, was trying to make the fire blaze. Blaze it would not, but sent forth an increasing volume of smoke, and the Lama, invisible to me in the dense cloud, though only about two yards away, spoke up and said that for months he had been a scholar of Jesus, and that if the priest would join him they would become Christians together. Whether the priest would join him or not, his mind was made up, he would trust the Saviour. By this time the cloud had settled down lower still. I was lying flat on the platform, and the two men were crouching on the floor—I could just see dimly the bottom of their skin coats—but the place was beautiful to me as the gate of heaven, and the words of the confession of Christ from out of the cloud of smoke were inspiriting to me as if they had been spoken by an angel from out of a cloud of glory.

“But neighbors came in, duty called the blackman Lama away, the evening meal had to be prepared and eaten, and it was not till late at night that I had opportunity for a private talk with him who had confessed Christ; and even then it was not private, because we were within earshot of a family of people in their beds.

“Of all the countries I have visited, Mongolia is the most sparsely peopled, and yet it is, of all the places I have seen, the most difficult to get private conversation with any one. Everybody, even half-grown children, seems to think he has a perfect right to intrude on any and all conversation. Bar the door and deny admittance, and you would be suspected of hatching a plot. Take a man away for a stroll that you may talk to him in quiet, and you would be suspected of some dangerous enchantment. Remembering that one must always have some definite message or business to perform when he travels, and hoping to be able to do something with this same blackman, I had purposely left, in the Chinese inn, some presents which I could not well carry with me, and after a day's rest the blackman and I started to bring them. That gave us twenty-three miles' private conversation, and a good answer to give to all who demanded, 'Where are you going?' 'What to do?'

He gave me the history of the origin and growth of his belief in Christ. I taught him much he did not know, and at a lonely place we sat down and lifted our voices to heaven in prayer. It was the pleasantest walk I ever had in Mongolia, and at the same time the most painful. My feet broke down altogether. It was evident I could not walk back again the next day, so, acting on my follower's advice, by a great effort I walked into the inn as if my feet were all right; we bargained for a cart, and, the Chinaman not suspecting the state of my feet, we got it at a reasonable rate. Mongols and Chinese joined in explaining to me how much time and labour I would have saved if I had hired a cart at first, taken everything with me, and not returned to the inn at all. From their point of view they were right; but the blackman and I looked at the thing from a different standpoint. We had accomplished our purpose, and felt that we could afford to let our neighbours plume themselves on their supposed superior wisdom."

Enduring Hardness as a Good Soldier. (P. 182-183.)

"Eager to see some more of the country, and in the hope that I might be able to talk to him on the way, I hired a Mongol to carry my bedding and books, and made a descent on a village thirty miles away. The general cold of the winter was aggravated by a snowstorm which overtook us at the little market town, and I have no words to tell you how the cold felt that day as I paraded that one street. I sold a fair number of books, though my hands were too much benumbed almost to be able to hand the books out. I made some attempts at preaching, but the muscles were also benumbed—that day *was* a *cold* day.

"I was turned out of two respectable inns at Bull Town because I was a foot traveller, had no cart or animal, that is, and had to put up in a tramp's tavern because I came as a tramp.

"Next journey I made I hired a man and a *donkey*. The donkey was my passport to respectability, and I was more comfortable too, being able to take more bedding with me. I was warned against going to Ch'ao Yang, sixty miles, the roads being represented as unsafe; but I went and found no trouble, though there was a severe famine in the district. I spent a day in each at two market towns on the way, and two days in Ch'ao Yang itself.

"The journey home I made on foot, a donkey driven by a Mongol carrying my bedding and books. I adopted this plan

mainly to bring myself into close contact with the Mongol. He proved himself a capital fellow to travel with, but as yet has shown no signs of belief in Christ. As we did long marches my feet suffered badly."

In a private letter written at this time he enters a little more fully into what he had to endure.

"I had a good time in Mongolia, but Oh! so cold. Some of the days I spent in the markets were so very cold that my muscles seemed benumbed, and speech even was difficult. I met with some spiritual response, though, and with that I can stand cold. Eh! man, I have got thin. I am feeding up at present. I left my medicines, books, etc., there, and walked home here, a donkey carrying my baggage, a distance of about three hundred miles, in seven and a half days, or about forty miles a day, and my feet were really very bad.

"At night I used to draw a woolen thread through the blisters. In the morning I 'hirpled' a little, but it was soon all right. I walked, not because I had not money to ride, but to get at the Mongol who was with me."

Substituting for a Trained Doctor. (P. 265-266, 286, 287-288.)

"I am more than ever eager to have the medical work given over to a medical man. One day in Ch'ao Yang a man came swaggering across the open space in the market-place. People pointed towards him and laughed. He was laughable, the ridiculous part of him being a straw hat which was an imitation, caricature rather, of a foreigner's hat. I could not help laughing. It was no laughing matter, though. He was a messenger from the cavalry camp just outside the town. He had come to take me to treat two soldiers who had received bullet-wounds in an encounter with Mongolian brigands. I had never seen a bullet-wound in my life, but I knew I could do more for the wounded men than any Chinese doctor; so I went. The wounds were then forty-eight hours old, and I dressed them as best I could, paying a daily visit for about a fortnight. Two wounds, though deep, were merely flesh; with these I had no difficulty. The third was a bone complication. I knew nothing of anatomy, had no books, absolutely nothing to consult; what could I do but pray? And the answer was startling. The third morning, when in the market-place attending to the ordinary patients,

but a good deal preoccupied over the bone case which I had determined should be finally dealt with that day if possible at all, there tottered up to me through the crowd a *live skeleton*, the outline of nearly every bone quite distinct, covered only with yellow skin, which hung about in loose folds. I think I see him yet—the chin as distinctively that of a skeleton as if it had bleached months on the plain. The man was about seventy, wore a pair of trousers, and had a loose garment thrown over his shoulders. He came for cough medicine I think; if so, he got it; but I was soon engaged fingering and studying the bone I had to see to that afternoon. I was deeply thankful, but amidst all my gratitude the thing seemed so comical that I could not help smiling, and a keen young Chinaman in the crowd remarked, in an undertone, ‘That smile means something.’ So it did. It meant among other things, that I knew what to do with the wounded soldier’s damaged bone; and in a short time his wound was in a fair way healing. I was and am very thankful, but after all, I am more impressed than ever with the fact that things are badly out of joint when there are lots of Christian doctors at home, and abroad too, and I, knowing less, am left to do the doctoring in a large district like this quite beyond the reach of medical help, not only for the natives but even for myself should I need it.” . . .

“Gilmour is doing a valuable work. Every day he goes to the street and sets out his table with his boxes of medicines and books. He has three narrow benches, on one of which he sits, the other two being for his patients. Of the latter he has any amount, coming with all the ills to which humanity is heir.

“But the sights of misery, suffering, and wretchedness which gather round Gilmour’s stand are simply appalling. His work seems to me to come nearest to Christ’s own way of blessing men. Healing them of their wounds, giving comfort in sickness, and at the same time telling them the gospel of Eternal Salvation through Jesus Christ. One day that I went I found Gilmour tying a bandage on a poor beggar’s knee. The beggar was a boy about sixteen years of age, entirely naked, with the exception of a piece of sacking for a loin cloth. He had been creeping about, almost frozen with cold, and a dog (who, no doubt, thought he was simply an animated bone) had attacked him.

“The people here are desperately poor, and the misery and suffering one sees crawling through the streets every day are heart-rending.”

Account of His Death. (P. 300-301.)

“These were nearly over when your father began to complain of feeling done up and of having fever. The following Sunday he was in bed. This was only eleven days before he died. On Monday, however, he was better, and up, and was able to be with us all day, and took the Communion with us all in the evening. Then we chatted together for some time and sang hymns, amongst others, ‘God be with you till we meet again!’ No. 494 in Sankey’s *Songs and Solos*.’

“In this connection let me tell you some of Mr. Gilmour’s favorite hymns in the book just mentioned. Among these were Nos. 494, 535, 150, 328. I dare say you would like to learn them and sing them for his sake.

“Your dear father was only in bed ten days before the end came, and all this time he spoke but little. He was too feverish and ill to want to talk or to listen; he just lay quietly, bearing his sickness with remarkable patience. One day, observing he was a little restless, I went to his bedside and asked him if he wanted anything. ‘No, nothing,’ was his reply, ‘only that the Lord would deliver me out of this distress.’

“The last few days his mind was not clear, but all his wanderings were about his work. It was the last day but one of his life; he was more restless than usual, trying all the time to rouse himself, as if for a journey, when he looked up and said, ‘Where are we going?’

“‘To heaven,’ I answered, ‘to see the Lord.’

“‘No,’ he replied, ‘that is not the address.’

“‘Yes, it is, Mr. Gilmour,’ I said again. ‘We are going to heaven; would you not like to go and see the Lord Jesus?’

“Then he seemed to take in the meaning of my words, and reverently bowed his head in assent, his lips quivered, and his eyes filled with tears; and he was quieted, like a weary child who has lost his way and finds on inquiry that only a few more steps and he will be at rest and at home.

“The next day, his last, was still more restless. At one time he seemed to be addressing an audience and earnestly gesticulating with his hands; and with as much force as he could command, he said, ‘We are not spending the time as we should; we ought to be waiting on God in prayer for blessing on the work he has given us to do. I would like to make a rattling speech—but I cannot—I am very ill—and can only say these few words.’ And then he nodded his head and waved his hand as if in farewell to his listeners.

“It was seven o’clock in the evening when my brother saw the end was not far off, and at once we sent for all the other members of the Mission that all might watch with him in his last solemn hour. He was unconscious the whole time, and his breathing laboured.

“The two doctors battled for an hour and a half to keep off Death’s fatal grasp, but to no purpose; the Lord wanted His faithful worker, and we could not keep him, though we wanted him much, and knew that Willie and Jimmie in England needed him more.

“Gradually the breathing became quieter and quieter, till at last about 9.30, he just closed his eyes and ‘fell asleep,’ with the peace of Heaven resting on his face.”

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